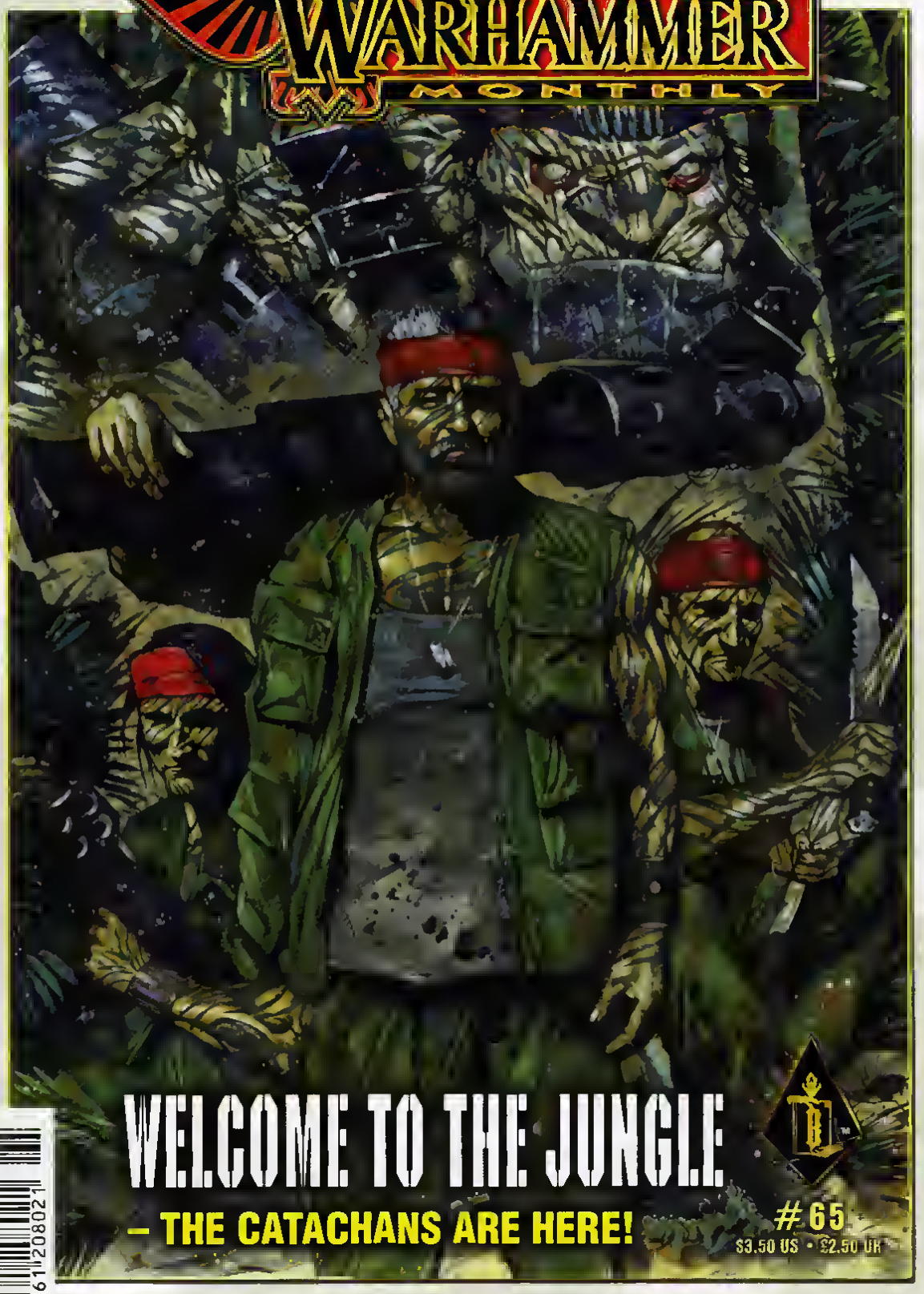
THE ALL-ACTION COMIC • LET THE GALAXY BURN!

WARHAMMER MONTHLY



WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE

– THE CATACHANS ARE HERE!

#65

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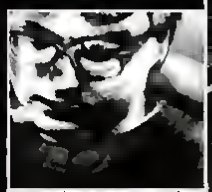
I know it's clichéd but the only thing constant in life really is change. You can guarantee that night follows day, that winter follows autumn and that Manchester United will change their home kit every couple of seasons forcing most of the population of Surrey to fork out another small fortune so they don't have to sit in Old Trafford wearing out of date shirts.

Even Warhammer Monthly isn't immune to the rigour of change and that's why next issue will herald a brand spanking new design for the galaxy's greatest monthly. Darius Hinks, fresh from his exertions on the new look Gaunt's Ghosts and Gotrek & Felix novels, has been monkeying around with several bold new looks and is just making some last minute alterations before we unleash our new monster onto the world. Not that there's anything wrong with the way the comic looks at the moment – it's just that it's been over two years since our last redesign and felt we were long overdue a little spring cleaning.

Warhammer Monthly #66: it's going to look... different!



CHRISTIAN DUNN

THE 19'ERS

There are thieves in the temple, but what lurking evil awaits them?

BLOODQUEST

The struggle for control of the Chaos vessel, and Leonatos's soul, begins!

LONE WOLVES

With the tyranids temporarily at bay Slavok blood must be spilled.

KAL JERICO

Unwelcome visitors and the secrets of the C'tan empire revealed.

KING OF THE JUNGLE

An interview with 19'ers artist, David Millgate.

DISPATCHES:

As we mentioned way back in issue 58, the Gaunt's Ghosts novel range underwent a bit of a trendy revamp recently and not to be outdone the Gotrek & Felix range is in line for the same treatment. Black Library über designer Darius Hinks came up with the stylish new look and the inimitable Geoff Taylor provided the visuals. White Dwarf already beat us to the exclusive with the new Dragonslayer art so here's the cover to Vampireslayer.

GAMES WORKSHOP

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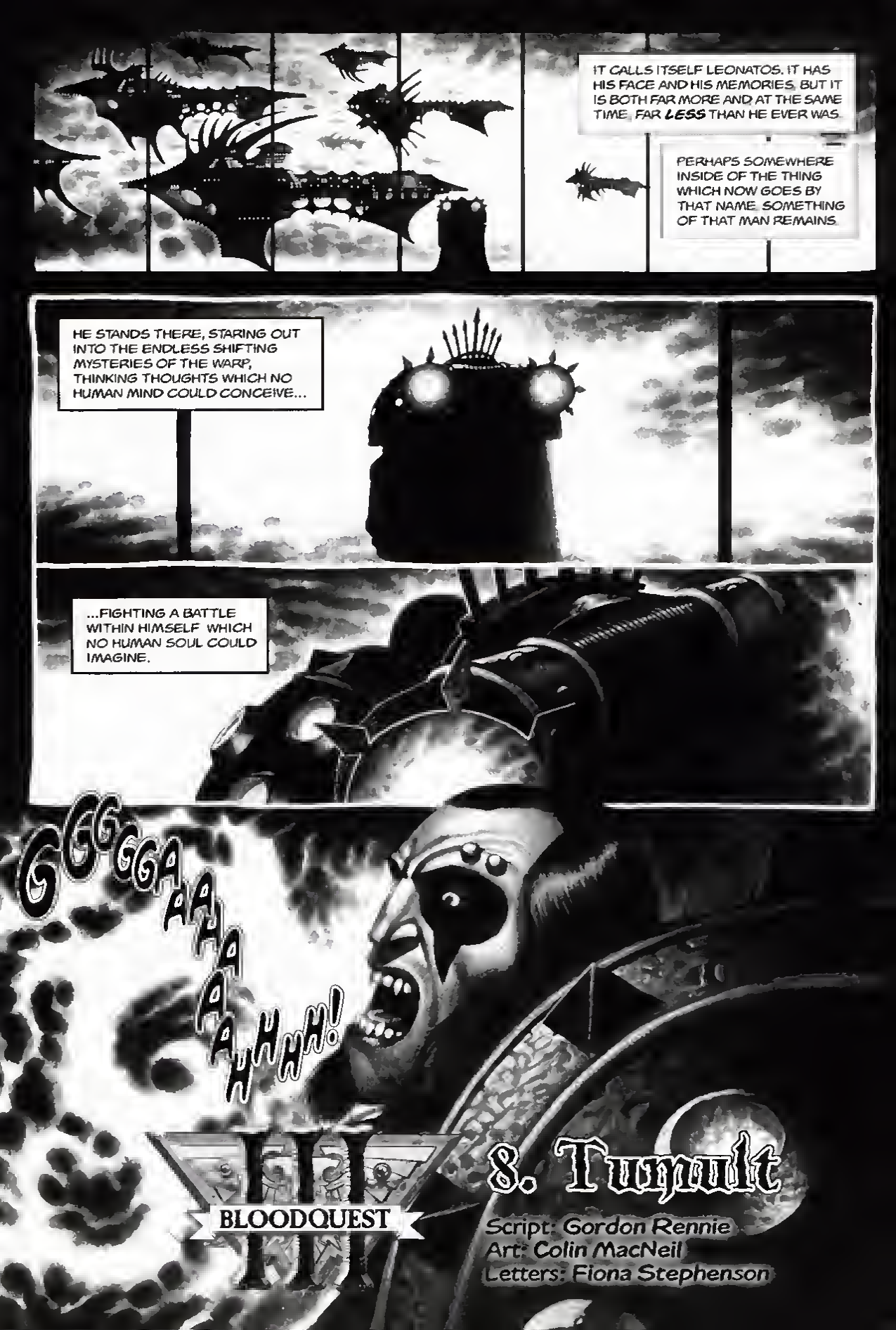
THE 19'ERS
PART THREE
SCRIPT: JAMES PEATY
ART: DAVID MILLGATE
LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON
SO WHAT IS THIS PLACE? SOME KIND OF TOMB?
MAYBE. LET'S MAKE SURE IT DOESN'T BECOME OURS.
KHUNK!
MOOM!
REMEMBER...
WATCH EACH OTHER'S BACKS.
CLIK!
CLIK!
DO YOU THINK WE'RE THE FIRST PEOPLE TO EVER SET FOOT IN THE TEMPLE, BROTHER?
I THINK WE CAN SAFELY ASSUME THAT WE'RE NOT.
ADEPTUS MECHANICUS EXPLORATORS JUST LIKE IN THE VILLAGE.
BUT THESE HAVE BEEN DEAD FOR SOME TIME.
BUZZ!
BUZZ!

SOMETHING DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT.
SIR! SIR!!
WHAT IS IT?
I'M NOT REALLY SURE.
I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS PLACE.
MOOM!
I'D AGREE WITH THAT.
SIR!
MORE EXPLORER CORPSES OVER HERE.
ABOUT EIGHT OF THEM.
SLAM!
Rustle!
Rustle!
Rustle!
Rustle!
Rustle!
CAPTAIN. THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE GOING ON...

RiiPPP!
RiiiPPP!!
Blurst!
HEAAAAARRRRGGGHHHH!
WHAT ARE THEY?
DAKKA! DAKKA!...
I DON'T KNOW BUT WHATEVER THEY ARE JUST KEEP SHOOTING AT THEM!
DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA!...
BUDDA... BUDDA-
OUR FIRE IS DOING NOTHING, SIR.
BUDDA...
NO.
WE'RE OUT OF OPTIONS, CAPTAIN.
YOU (koff) HAVE (koff) ONE MORE.
YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO.
NO!

IT'S OUR ONLY HOPE, KEB. I'M DYING ANYWAY. IF I CAN SAVE YOU AND THE OTHERS THEN AT LEAST MY DEATH WON'T BE IN VAIN.
THUNK
CLUNK
KCHAK
THEY'LL SING SONGS IN YOUR HONOUR YURDEN.
FOR THE <koff> GLORY... <koff koff> OF THE EMPEROR
KRAM
KABOOM
FFFK!
DEATH OR GLORY!
CHOMP!
UGGGG... AGHHHHHHH!
CHOMP!
BADOOM!!
DOWN!

(koff)
(koff, koff)
(koff, koff) WHERE S...
...MOOM...
IS THAT WHAT ALL OUR TIME AND EFFORT HAS BEEN FOR? SOME OLD FRAGMENT OF ARMOUR.
SO NAIVE, MORAVCISK...
CH-CHAK!
THAT OLD FRAGMENT OF ARMOUR IS MORE VALUABLE THAN YOU COULD POSSIBLY IMAGINE.
NOW IF YOU'D LIKE TO PLACE YOUR GUNS ON THE GROUND BEFORE I FORGET HOW USEFUL YOU'VE BEEN IN GETTING ME THIS FAR
TO BE CONTINUED...


IT CALLS ITSELF LEONATOS. IT HAS HIS FACE AND HIS MEMORIES, BUT IT IS BOTH FAR MORE AND, AT THE SAME TIME, FAR LESS THAN HE EVER WAS.
PERHAPS SOMEWHERE INSIDE OF THE THING WHICH NOW GOES BY THAT NAME, SOMETHING OF THAT MAN REMAINS.
HE STANDS THERE, STARING OUT INTO THE ENDLESS SHIFTING MYSTERIES OF THE WARP, THINKING THOUGHTS WHICH NO HUMAN MIND COULD CONCEIVE...
...FIGHTING A BATTLE WITHIN HIMSELF WHICH NO HUMAN SOUL COULD IMAGINE.
GGGGGAAAAAAHHHH!
BLOODQUEST III
8. Tumult
Script: Gordon Rennie
Art: Colin MacNeil
Letters: Fiona Stephenson

AT LAST, FREE OF THE DAEMON FORCE WHICH HAS POSSESSED HIM.
FREE. BUT FOR HOW LONG? ALREADY, HE CAN FEEL THE THING'S TENTACLES REACHING OUT TO ONCE MORE ENSNARE HIS SOUL.
HE HAS JUST A FEW MOMENTS, HE KNOWS...
...SO LITTLE TIME. HE PRAYS IT WILL BE ENOUGH FOR HIM TO DO WHAT NOW MUST BE DONE.
WARMASTER, WE HEARD A CRY!
I... I AM UNHARMED... TELL ME SOMETHING, THOUGH...
OUR COURSE... ARE WE STILL UNDERWAY FOR KHARIS?
AYE, WARMASTER, ALTHOUGH WE ARE STILL MANY DAYS TRAVEL OUT.
SIGNAL THE HELM. TELL THEM TO CHANGE COURSE INSTEAD FOR THE MARSA SYSTEM...
MARSA! BUT, MY LORD, YOU YOURSELF SAID THAT-
YOU PRESUME TO QUESTION THE COMMAND OF A WARMASTER OF CHAOS?
OUR DESTINATION IS MARSA. OBEY MY COMMAND OR FACE THE CONSEQUENCES OF MY ANGER.

AT ONCE, WARMASTER.
THE STRAIN IS ALMOST TOO MUCH. HE KNOWS HE ONLY HAS A FEW MOMENTS LEFT. QUICKLY, BEFORE THE DAEMON-THING TAKES HOLD OF HIM AGAIN, HE PREPARES HIMSELF.
ANOTHER UNIQUE SPACE MARINE GIFT, AN ALTERATION IN BRAIN CHEMISTRY, ALLOWING THEM TO ERASE INFORMATION FROM THEIR OWN MEMORIES, IN THE EVENT OF THEIR CAPTURE BY THE ENEMY.
THE DAEMON, WHEN IT RETURNS, WILL KNOW NOTHING OF WHAT HE HAS DONE.
THE REST, HE KNOWS, IS IN THE HANDS OF OTHERS.
SKLITCH

STILL WEAKENED, CLOTEN PAUSES TO FEED IN HIS JOURNEY THROUGH THE CHAOS VESSEL.
AS WELL AS NOURISHMENT, HIS ALTERED PHYSIOLOGY ALLOWS HIM TO DRAW *INFORMATION* FROM HIS VICTIMS...

HE KNOWS WHAT THEY KNOW.

FROM THEIR DEAD FLESH, HE KNOWS THIS SHIP AS WELL AS THEY EVER DID...

AFTER A WHILE, THOUGH, HE NO LONGER NEEDS THESE STOLEN MEMORIES TO FIND THE WAY TO HIS DESTINATION. ALL HE NEEDS TO DO IS FOLLOW *THE SCREAMS*...
AND *THE SCENT*...

THE SCENT OF SOMETHING VILE. SOMETHING EVIL.
SOMETHING *FAMILIAR*.
IT'S FORTUNATE OUR SPACE MARINE BODIES HEAL SO QUICKLY LYSANDER. ANY NORMAL HUMAN WOULD HAVE DIED BY NOW FROM WHAT YOU HAVE SUFFERED, BUT-

WHOEVER YOU ARE, LEAVE. I GAVE ORDERS THAT WE WERE NOT TO BE DISTURBED.
WHAT...?
SSHRIKK
APOLOGIES, BROTHER PROTEUS. I DIDN'T RECEIVE THAT ORDER.
CLOTEN-!
KRUTT

THOKK
NO! SUCH LACK OF FINESSE! SUCH BRUTE FORCE. WITH NO APPRECIATION OF THE ART OF PAIN! IT IS NOT THE WILL OF THE POWERS OF THE WARP THAT I DIE LIKE THIS-!
THINK AGAIN, CHAOS FILTH.
SHUUMP
AND NOW FOR THIS ONE.
NO, LEAVE HIM...

HE'S MINE.
HAH. REMEMBER WHEN WE WERE NOVICE SCOUTS TOGETHER, LYSANDER? REMEMBER HOW WE ALWAYS WATCHED EACH OTHERS' BACKS?
I WONDER, COULD EITHER OF US HAVE IMAGINED THAT IT WOULD END LIKE THIS, ONE OF US KILLING THE OTHER?
I'VE LISTENED TO ENOUGH OF YOUR LIES, CHAOS THING.
MY BROTHER PROTEUS DIED A LONG TIME AGO. WHOEVER YOU ARE, YOU MEAN ***LESS THAN NOTHING*** TO ME.
WHAT NOW, BROTHER?
NOW..?
NOW WE TAKE THE BATTLE TO THE ENEMY AND BRING THIS QUEST TO AN END.
TO BE CONTINUED

SCRIPT: DAN ABNETT ✦ ART: KARL RICHARDSON

LONE WOLVES

Personal Log Sergeant Paul Martin 3rd Company X-th Slarck Regiment Imperial Guard

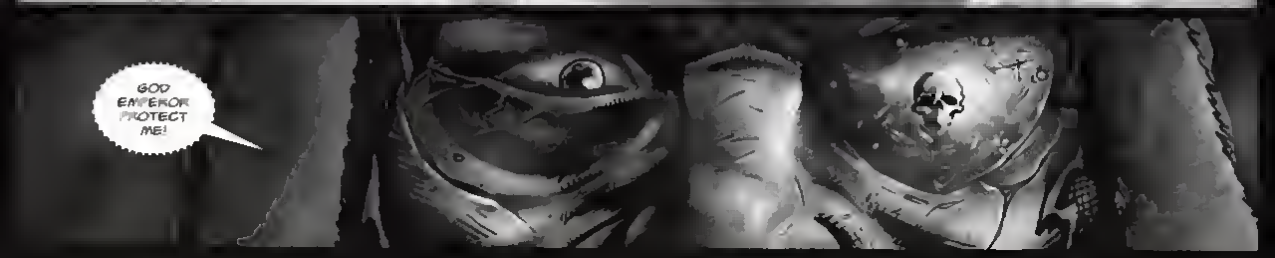
Day 4-5

Our allies have taken us to their war camp, high on one of Shadrac's glaciers. If this is hospitality, I'd honestly rather be facing tyranids.

O-OKAY...
CAREFUL, SERGEANT!
IT'S ALRIGHT, BAENS, HE'S NOT GOING TO
YEEOOW!
WHAT WAS *THAT* FOR? ARE WE... LIKE *BLOOD BROTHERS*?
WE ARE *ALREADY*. PLEDGED IN BATTLE, *THIS* IS THE *BLOODGELD*
He doesn't explain. He bloods us all and then each of his own men. Then we drink while the Wolves throw the blood on the fire.
GOD EMPEROR! *HAK HAK!*
HA!
HA!
GOOD STUFF, JA?

THAT FIRE. AREN'T YOU AFRAID THAT
WOLVES AFRAID OF NO THING!
I MEAN. WON'T THE LIGHT ATTRACT THE TYRANIDS? THAT AND THE SMELL OF BURNING BLOOD?

They start singing and beating war drums. The heat and the noise and the foul liquor they gave us numbs my senses. I wander off to try and clear my head...



A SHIP! THEY'VE GOT A DAMN SHIP!
YOU LEFT THE FIRESIDE.
I-
YOU'VE GOT A SHIP, SKOLD GREYPELT!
J... A SHIP.
THEN WHY ARE YOU STILL HERE? SHADRAC'S ABOUT TO FALL. THE TYRANIDS ARE EVERYWHERE! WHY HAVEN'T YOU LEFT?
IT IS THE WAY OF FENRIS WE STAY AS LONG AS WE CAN. FIGHT AS HARD AS WE CAN
KILL AS MUCH AS WE CAN ONLY WHEN WE CAN DO NO MORE DO WE MOVE ON.

WHAT ARE THEY DOING?
RAISING A BARROW FOR TRYGVAS. THIS FEAST IS FOR HIM. TO HONOUR HIS PASSING.
THIS IS A FUNERAL FEAST?
BUT TRYGVAS ISN'T DEAD, IS HE? THAT THING HURT HIM BAD, BUT LAST I SAW HE WAS ALIVE.
YOU ASK A LOT OF QUESTIONS, MARLIN YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK?
I THINK YOU NEED ANOTHER DRINK.
WHY?

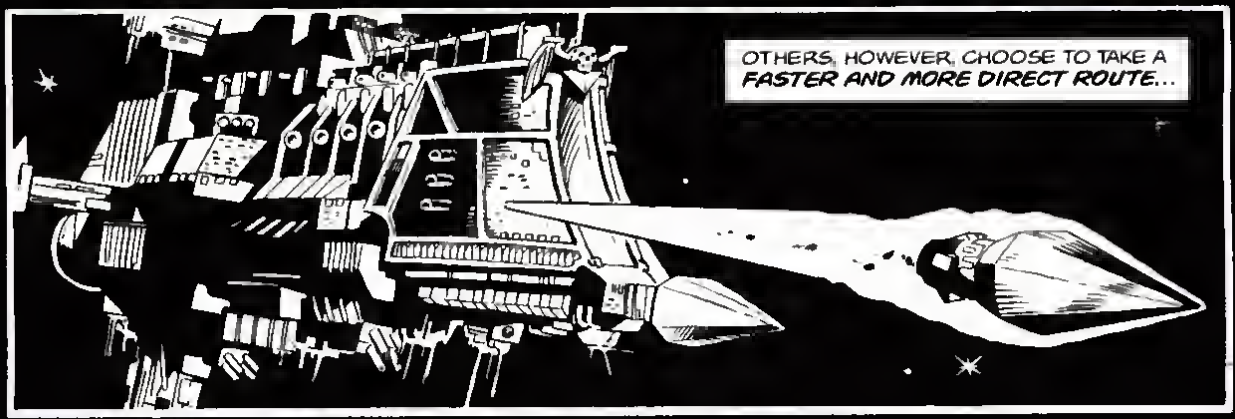
BECAUSE ONCE *THEY* GET HERE, THERE WON'T BE *TIME* FOR DRINKING
TO BE CONCLUDED

SPACE HULK KRONOS:

SO FAR, IT HAS TAKEN THE TEAM LED BY ***MADAME-INQUISITOR HELEANA JERICO*** MORE THAN A DAY TO TRAVEL INTO ITS INTERIOR, DEALING ALL ALONG THE WAY WITH ANCIENT-SET TRAPS, HOSTILE INHABITANTS AND THE WEIRD AND ALIEN INTERNAL LANDSCAPE OF THE PLACE.

KAL JERICO IN ABOVE & BEYOND PART SIX

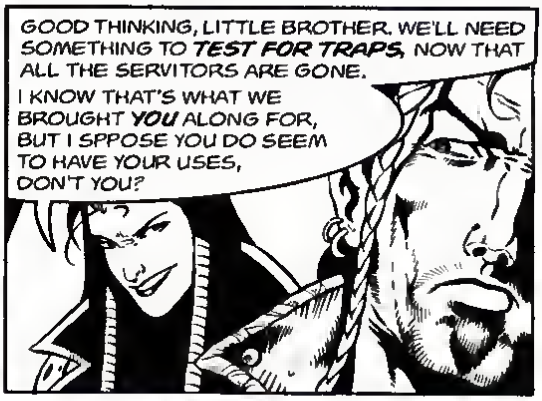
SCRIPT: GORDON RENNIE • PENCILS: WAYNE REYNOLDS • INKS: RALPH HORSLEY • LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON



KKKRRRRRRRRRRROOOOMMMMMMMM
WHAT THE SCAV-!
BRAAAK
LOOK OUT!
KRUNSCH
HELMAWR'S RUMP, NO-ONE TOLD ME THERE WERE HIVEQUAKES ABOARD THESE THINGS!
THAT WAS NO HIVEQUAKE, THAT WAS AN IMPACT SHOCK. SOMETHING'S SMASHED THROUGH THE HULL OF THE KRONOS. A BOARDING TORPEDO, MOST LIKELY.
SO WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?
THAT WE'VE GOT EVEN LESS TIME THAN I THOUGHT...

' THE OTHER INQUISITION TEAM ARE ALREADY ONBOARD, AND CLOSING IN ON THE SAME OBJECTIVE AS OURSELVES.

COME ON. WE HAVE TO GET THERE BEFORE THEY DO.
WHAT ABOUT THEM?


GOOD THINKING, LITTLE BROTHER. WE'LL NEED SOMETHING TO TEST FOR TRAPS, NOW THAT ALL THE SERVITORS ARE GONE.
I KNOW THAT'S WHAT WE BROUGHT YOU ALONG FOR, BUT I SPPOSE YOU DO SEEM TO HAVE YOUR USES, DON'T YOU?

...PICKING UP A LOT OF SIGNAL INTERFERENCE FROM THESE RUNE-MARKINGS... DIFFICULT TO GET AN ACCURATE AUSPEX READING, BUT WE'RE DEFINITELY GETTING CLOSER...
GETTING CLOSER TO WHAT, DARE I ASK?
DO YOU TRUST ME, KAL?

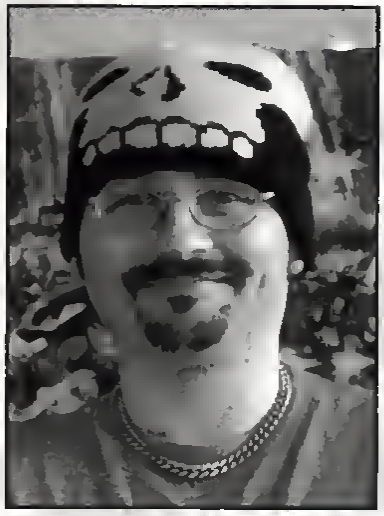
YOU'RE MY MOTHER. AND YOU'RE AN INQUISITOR, ONE OF THE MOST LOYAL AND POWERFUL SERVANTS OF THE EMPEROR.
OF COURSE I DON'T TRUST YOU.

VERY GOOD, KAL. NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY
I HAVE NO INTENTION OF REPEATING MYSELF, AND FAR BETTER MEN THAN YOU HAVE DIED FOR JUST KNOWING EVEN A FRACTION OF WHAT I'M ABOUT TO TELL YOU...

SIXTY MILLION YEARS AGO, KAL, THE GALAXY WAS AN EVEN COLDER AND MORE DANGEROUS PLACE THAN IT IS TODAY. MANY OF THE RACES WHICH EXIST NOW HAD NOT EVEN BEEN BORN THEN.
IN THEIR PLACE WERE THE ELDER RACES, CREATURES MORE POWERFUL AND TERRIBLE THAN WE CAN EASILY IMAGINE. AND MOST TERRIBLE OF THEM ALL WERE THE GOD-THINGS KNOWN AS THE C'TAN.
C'TAN? THAT WAS THOSE MACHINE-THINGS WE FOUGHT EARLIER?
NO, KAL. THEY ARE OR WERE - THE NECRONTYR WHO WILLINGLY SURRENDERED THEIR LIVING FLESH TO THEIR MASTERS AND BECAME THE NECRONS, THE UNDYING SOULLESS SERVANTS OF THE C'TAN.
THE C'TAN HATED ALL LIFE OTHER THAN THEMSELVES. THEY FOUGHT THE OTHER ELDER RACES, DESTROYING MANY OF THEM. THEY FOUGHT EVEN AMONGST THEMSELVES.
THERE WAS A WAR. A WAR IN HEAVEN, GREATER AND MORE DESTRUCTIVE THAN ANYTHING THE UNIVERSE HAS EVER SEEN...
AT THE END OF IT, ALTHOUGH WE DON'T KNOW HOW, THE C'TAN AND THEIR SERVANTS WERE CAST DOWN AND FORCED TO RETREAT INTO EXILE.

INTO HIBERNATION.
ON A THOUSAND DEAD WORLDS THEY BUILT THEIR TOMBS. AND WHILE THEY SLEPT WITHIN THEM, THE GALAXY CHANGED.
OTHER YOUNGER RACES APPEARED. RACES LIKE US, KAL, WHO KNEW NOTHING OF THE C'TAN.
THE GALAXY HAD FORGOTTEN THE POWER WHICH HAD ONCE ALMOST DESTROYED IT. BUT THE C'TAN THEMSELVES, SLEEPING FOR ALL THIS TIME, HAD NOT FORGOTTEN...
...LESS THAN A HUNDRED METRES. WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S RIGHT BEHIND THESE DOORS.
DON'T TELL ME, SO NOW THESE THINGS ARE WAKING UP AGAIN?
THE GALAXY IS FILLED WITH LIFE AGAIN. ENOUGH, IT SEEMS, TO ROUSE THE C'TAN OUT OF THEIR TOMBS.

SO MUCH FOR YOUR PROMISES OF *PRICELESS ANCIENT ARCHEOTECH.* WHAT'S *REALLY* IN THERE, MOTHER?
THE WAKENING C'TAN ARE CALLING THEIR SERVANTS TO THEM ONCE MORE, ALTHOUGH MANY OF THEM HAVE BEEN *SCATTERED AND LOST* OVER THE EONS WHILE THEY HAVE BEEN ASLEEP.
THIS HULK IS THE TOMB OF ONE OF THEIR MOST POWERFUL SERVANTS, KAL, A *TERRIBLE WEAPON* WHICH WE CANNOT ALLOW THE C'TAN TO REGAIN CONTROL OF.
TO BE CONTINUED



KING OF THE JUNGLE

Deep in the sweltering forests of Catachan WHM caught up with David Millgate, the artist behind our new strip The 19ers. He wasn't easy to spot, as he was heavily camouflaged to protect him from marauding orcs. But when we tracked him down he was very affable and more than willing to give us a glimpse into the mind of an artist...

What have you been doing recently?

Well, I've been working on the Catachans Strip 'The 19ers'. I'm doing the black and white line art and that seems to be going well. Christian seems to be happy with it anyway!

So how did the idea for the '19ers come about?

Well, I'm just a jobbing artist really! The script came in and I discussed it with Christian, then I read through it a few times and the ideas form from there. I tend to sit there with a blank piece of paper in front of me, and then I get really scared!

And when the panic subsides?

I work out the layouts, and deadlines permitting, try and get them as good as I can.

Do you find the style of a comic easy to nail?

Yeah. Any writer worth their salt should have a description of what's going on and a strong picture in their head. So as I'm reading it that should come across. When I start drawing I add my own input, and when I've got to the end of the page I should have achieved what the writer wanted with the story, and have a nice dynamic layout visually.

What influenced you for this script?

Well, as it's a bit like Vietnam in space, so unsurprisingly war movies were a big influence, 'Apocalypse Now', 'Platoon', 'Dirty Dozen' and 'Kelly's Heroes'. So I can use some of the great visuals that were in those movies and incorporate them into what I'm doing. Old war comics like War Picture Monthly, Battle Action, those kinds of things that I remember reading when I was a kid. I love Vietnam movies anyway so its great drawing jungles and gritty soldiers.

And what comics do you love?

Well I grew up reading 2000AD. I read Judge Dredd from day one. I think I was nine in 1977 when 2000AD started and I read it from there. I didn't really read American comics, as I was never exposed to them, it was the British ones I grew up with. Brian Bolland and Mike McMahon, the greats of British

comics from the 70's. When I was a kid that was the stuff I was really amazed by, and some of that influence made me into the artist I am now. Especially as it's black and white line art. I've done a lot of fully painted stuff more recently and computer generated strips, beautifully rendered, which is good, but the 19ers are great because it's getting back to basics black on white, deep shadows, contrasting light. The more traditional comic style and it's nice to get back to that, really.

Do you prefer doing black on white work?

I like doing all sorts really, no real preference. I do acrylic, full colour canvases, but over the last five years I've been doing stuff on the computer, rendering stuff in Photoshop. You can do really nice things with the effects, and get a slightly different feel to the art, as the computer tends to make everything look very slick. That really works for some things, like Daemonifuge, but not for others. The 19ers being black and white is a challenge, colour is a tool and some panels I think would look great in full colour with really deep greens and shafts of light, but I have to create mood with solid black. And that is possible if you think about it.

So being a freelance you can lounge about all day right?

Not quite! I tend to work 9 till 6, a full day's work. Being freelance its up to me to motivate myself to get up. But I've never had a problem with that as I'm quite disciplined. The buck stops with me, so if work is late I can't blame an underling, it's all down to me.

What are you working on at the moment?

Well I've always got projects on the go, even if it's just for me, things I can use in the future. My brother is a scriptwriter and we're always working on something together, either screenplays or other scripts. I'm always thinking of things and six months down the line it filters through into work.

And finally, where did you get the cool hat?

Well, I got it from Meadow Hall. It's a massive shopping mall in Sheffield. I ended up there one Saturday, in a surfer shop where I bought this hat.

Thanks for your time Dave.

You're welcome.

NEW FROM THE BLACK LIBRARY

There's nothing like a dark secret to keep a hero on his toes and this month the secrets don't come much bigger (or darker!).

The Dark Angels Chapter hold a dark and terrible secret that stretches back 10,000 years to the great Horus Heresy. The tumultuous events from this galactic civil war threaten to be unleashed during the routine policing of a backwater planet when Interrogator-Chaplain Boreas becomes caught up in the murderous plots of the Chapter's deadliest enemies. Warhammer Loremaster Gav Thorpe delivers an epic tale of galactic proportions!

Back in the grim lands of the Empire, meet Karl Hoche, a man who has dedicated his life to fighting the corrupting powers of Chaos – regardless of its source. But after foiling a coven within the ranks of the Reiksguard, he discovers that all is not black and white in the battle against evil. As enemies become allies and vice-versa, the discovery of a shocking secret sends Hoche down a path that could end in total salvation or eternal damnation. Mark of Damnation is a storming fantasy adventure from James Wallis.

Finally, the third chronicle of Malus Darkblade sees the outcast dark elf returning home to the evil fortress of Hag Graef. Finding the city at war, Darkblade struggles to counter the betrayal from within his own blood clan in order to reclaim his rightful place. But from the very depths of his soul, an old foe breaks the surface and prepares to wreak havoc! Dan Abnett and Kev Hopgood continue to set the standard with Darkblade III: Throne of Blood.

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INCOMING

Hi,

I would just like to say that I read Warhammer Monthly religiously. The story lines are brill and the artwork it absolutely great. I love the story Lone Wolves and Bloodquest III. I would only like to know if there will be any storylines coming up that involve either the Catachans or high elves?

But other than that I think your comic is the best.

So until Commissar Yarrick wears a pink dress with yellow spots and asks the Emperor to marry him, keep up the good work.

Alan McGuire, via e-mail

++++++++++

Sometimes I think the Inquisition have our offices bugged! As I'm sure you're already aware, the Catachans play a very big role in The 13'ers – you should have already noticed them on the cover this issue. Malus Darkblade will soon find himself dealing with problems of a high elf nature when 'Banner of Blood' launches this summer – though early indications are that the high elves might be the least of his worries.

Lone Wolves has been the runaway smash hit series of the year and, although it draws to a conclusion next issue, will be making its much anticipated return in 2004 but not before they drop by for an extended adventure in this year's giant-sized Christmas issue. Unfortunately, book three marks the end of the Bloodquest saga but fear not, there are still a few more episodes and the concluding part is a whopping twelve pages long!

Remember guys, the writer of each letter printed will receive five foil cards from Sabertooth's Warhammer 40,000 CCG. So what are you waiting for? Break out those typewriters, quills and crayons and get writing!

Each letter published wins five randomly selected rare foil Warhammer 40,000 CCG cards, so get writing now!
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